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1922

Wim's Whims

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W. E. WIMS

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The 13th of January 1857 was a day never to be forgotten by those who are living today, not an automobile to be seen on the streets anywhere, nor a bicycle, the telephones were not working, nor the wireless telegrapy, not even a daily newspaper was printed that day in Wheeling, W. Va. You ask why? Well, I was born that day, I arrived here at noon, while the clock was striking the hour of 12. Since my arrival, we are now having all of these things we did not have before. I am safe in saying you will not find one person who will give me the credit such is the life of greatness, perhaps in the later on, I shall be recognized, so I have carefuly prepared this little book to perpetuate my name, in which I hope you who read may find some enjoyment. We should each of us strive to leave something worth while, telling the world we have been here, and made ourselves known that we were, and made a track in the sands of time. We cannot all be Statesmen, Ministers, Orators, Mechanics, but we have in each of us something we can cultivate and develope that the other fellow has not. There are other poets besides me. Shakespere, Longfellow, Guest, Walt Mason and a host of others, but you would never have heard of them if they had written poems and not had them printed, so that is why I am doing the same thing. If you find after reading them things you don't like, sit down and write something better. Anyway I think you will find it worth the price and fit to grace your center table or library.

Yours truly,

WM. E. WIMS.

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THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.

Last evening I was talking
With a doctor aged and gray,
Who told me of a dream he had,
I think 'twas Christmas day.
While snoozing in his office
The vision came to view,
For he saw an angel enter,
Dressed in garments white and new.
Said the angel: "I'm from heaven;
The Lord just sent me down
To bring you up to glory
And to put on your golden crown.
You've been a friend to every one
And worked hard night and day;
You have supported many thousand,
And from few received your pay.
So we want you up in glory,
For you have labored hard,
And the good Lord is preparing
Your eternal just reward."
Then the doctor and the angel
Started up to glory's gate,
But when passing close too Hades,
The angel murmured, "Wait!"
"I have a place to show you—
It's the hottest place in H——,
Where the ones that never paid you
In torment always dwell."
And behold! the doctor saw there
His old customers by the score,
And grabbing up a chair and fan,
He wished for nothing more,
But was bound to sit and watch them
As they'd sizzle, singe and burn.
And his eyes would rest on debtors
Whichever way they'd turn.
Said the angel, "Come on, doctor;
There's the pearly gates to see."
But the doctor only muttered,
"This is heaven enough for me."

CUT OUT YOUR CUTOUT.

Cut out your cutout while going thru town,
Why make such a racket, boys?
Don't show off, we know you're around,
Why make such a racking noise.
Some folks may be sick, for all you know
Whose nerves may be shocked by the blare,
Have a thought for suffering mankind;
Have a care, my boy, have a care.

I remember one time, a dear friend of mine
Was down sick in bed with the "Flu;
We all did our best to let him have rest;
He grew worse 'spite of all we could do.
I put up a sign to have motors go slow
Their speed would almost take your breath
Going that route they'd cut in their Cutout,—
I believe that it caused my friend's death.

Have a care for the children, you Cutout fools,
Don't brag how fast you can go.
Always take your time while passing the schools,—
Take your time, my boy, drive slow,
Many a death has been caused by your fault,
Many an accident claimed,
Many a sorrowful home has been made,
On your carelessness blamed.

The Motorcycle Cop will get you,
He sure has a right to because,
Going thru town at a breakneck speed,
You know you are breaking the laws.
Read these few lines, and believe me,
I know what I'm talking about,
If you have speed thirst, play safety first;
Cut out your Cutout, **cut-er-out.**

To you I send a friendly greet,
A Merry Christmas cheer.
You wish the same to those you meet,
And a Happy New Year.

THE NARROW GAUGE

I've traveled on the Narrow Gauge from Zanesville to Bellaire;
Stopped off at every station, to drive away dull care,
By giving exhibitions to the short, fat, lean and tall,
And charging small admissions—so I would get them all
I've enjoyed the conversations, I have heard upon the train,
By the people I have met, and I expect to meet again—
Because they are not offish, and stuck up like some I know,
Who are mighty small potatoes, and darn few in a row.

Just because our road is narrow, and some engines on the bum,
(I am talking to the traveling men, who make all kinds of fun
About our little railroad). We don't like that kind of talk.
If trains don't run to suit you, why git right out and walk.
Take your baggage with you, and stop just where you please;
The walking is not crowded, so you can take your ease.
Be careful crossing trestles or you might fall through and bust
Follow those two streaks of rust, and see who gets there first.

Of course I am not boasting, but I'll say this to you,
For accidents on railroads, we have but very few;
Because our men are careful. They attend to business fine,
And when we buy our tickets, we get back to home on—sometime.
Now folks don't damn and cuss this road, you've tried the B. & O.
There are other roads that's just as bad. I've traveled some—I know,
Did you ever ride the Cotton Belt? Go try it for awhile,
For wrecks and rotten service, they have got us skinned a mile.

Their roadbed is so crooked, that our Narrow Gauge is straight,
They never had a train on time. In fact they're always late.

Their officials act peculiar. but it's laziness I fear,
When you want to stop at any place, you wake the engineer,
They don't collect your tickets, you know that's hard to beat.
They tell you when you buy one, just leave it on the seat.
They do not like to bother one; with trouble they vex us.
Some day ride on the Cotton Belt. You'll find it down in Texas.

I'm going to lay all jokes aside, and tell you on the square,
I would rather ride on the Narrow Gauge, when going anywhere
Than any road I ever rode, for having lots of fun.
In hearing jokes and stories, if the road is on the bum.
I don't mind the shaking up, when going round the curves,
Through the tunnels in and out, that grate on people's nerves.
How well I know these other roads, north, east, south and west.
The Ohio River and Western is the road I love the best.

You wonder why I talk that way, the truth is very plain.
This road takes me from my home, and brings me back again.

WIMS' WHIMS

Success is a matter of habitual coincentration upon higher ideals. You are what you set out to be. The things you read and talk about today and the thoughts you think today are a forecast of what you shall become. You learn that you are a composite of the things you have said, the thoughts you have nurtured, the company you have kept and the habits you have pursued. You learn that success lies within yourself—in your brain, your ambition and your determination—and that difficulties and hard experience are not to be dodged, but met with courage, that they may be turned into future capital.

IMMORTALITY

What has the future in store for me,
Could I but look beyond,
Would I be pleased with what I'd see,
Could I but look beyond?
Nature, no doubt, planned it so,
That we should live, and never know,
The sickness, sorrow, joy and woe,
In store for us, beyond.

Enjoy this life in a Christian way,
Don't worry about the future.
All will be well, let come what may,
Don't worry about the future.
At times we think we ought to know,
For what we came and why we [redacted];
Just live your life, not fast, but slow;
Don't worry about the future.

It was not we that made the plan,
To inhabit a world, with mortal man,
And have him live from day to day,
On food, water and air, to nourish clay,
And give him brain and eyes to see,
The way to go and where to be,
Or what to do while living here,
Then promise him life beyond this sphere.

Yet, some will say, that is all a lie,
Beyond this vale of tears,
And if it's true, why should we die,
After living here for years,
I saw one time a hideous worm,
It was crawling on the ground
No eyes to see, no ears to learn,
Of things by sight or sound.

I saw that creature in the fall,
When life for it had fled,
Wrapped with care in a little roll,
A co-coon coffin for its bed,
A tangled web was the winding sheet,
Its funeral had been complete,
All thru the winter its body lay,
Dead to the world like human clay.

I saw that creature again in the Spring,
Each side of its body had grown a wing,
Had eyes and ears, I saw them plain.
From that dead worm a butterfly came,
It flew on my cheek then on my hand,
Thrilling my soul with a feeling grand.
I thought, Oh God, if this is your plan,
I've no cause to worry for being a Man.

WIM'S WHIMS

SMILE.

"Put into constant practice the principle that every person who leaves you shall do so with a smile on his face, reflecting your own, or with a smile in his heart. Do this and folks will welcome your coming. Disregard it and they will fight shy of you." Not only for our own sakes, but for the sake af those about us, we must learn the joy and youth-reviving nature of laughter, the real value of a happy chuckle and the soul-satisfyinng quality of the individual who can smile happily and leave you with a SMILE! OH LORD, help us to play the MAN, help us to perform the coucerns of life with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry.

Smile, and the world is your friend,
A Grouch, and you live alone.
While out enjoying an evening of pleasure,
Leave all your troubles at home. (Wims)

After walking around the town today I sat down on an old box to rest a while. When I got up to go home I tore my pants on a nail, so I went to a tailor to have them repaired, but he wanted to charge me 75 cents, but I went to the Pleasant Hour theatre, and I saw a sign out front, "Good seats for 35 cents."

When a man is in trouble he will then realize the advantage of a good wife. He can put everything in her name.

HELLO, MR. GROUCH

When you got up this morning, have you ever heard it said
That you sure made a big mistake in getting out of bed?
All day long you had a grouch, with no matter what you tried.
So watch yourself tomorrow, get out the other side.
Isn't that an awful feeling for any man to own,
Always kicking with his family; they dread to have him home.
The children run and hide, and mother starts to frown;
The house is in an uproar when father comes from town.

The meals don't satisfy him, and as he grabs his hat
He gives the dog a friendly kick, and kindly slaps the cat.
He never asks about the kids, nor kisses wife goodbye,
But they're glad to see him going, and they never ask him why.
Let me give you wives a pointer if you have a dub like that
Go to him good and plenty, let him know the stubborn fact.
He's forgot the days of courting when he called you angel, too,
If you'd only say you loved him, all the things he'd do for you.

Now's the time to slip it to him, that if he's forgot, "you ain't."
You've tried so hard to please him, for you thought he was saint,
As he placed his arms around you, hugged you up and called you dear.
Now you have a lot of children and he's always acting queer.
Now listen, little wifey, did you ever know a man
That ever acted that way, that amounted to a —clam.
He's got a streak of yaller, like a derned old measly koun'.
Here's a way to fix'em, get a club an' knock 'em down.

Some people must grow hair on their teeth. I saw a sign in a drug store window today, "Fine tooth combs for sale."

A COWBOY MORALIZES.

I ain't no hand at pious talk, ain't got the gift o' gab
Toned down to suitable degree fur heavenly confab,
An' mebbe my i-dees ain't jest accordin' to the card
O' Christian argyment, but I'll express 'em, jest as hard!
I never saw a prayin' man behind a graveyard face
But what I thought was wastin' time before the Throne o' Grace;
A leanin' of hopes upon a mighty shaky staff—
God has no use for any man too holy fur to laugh.

I went to church up there in town an' saw the parson's face
Drawned out so long I wondered how he'd git it back in place,
An' every word that got away from out his talkin' works
Come like a squall in winter time—by freezy fits and jerks;
An' while a-settin in the hail o' icy talk he split,
A-sockin' in the frozen knife o' warnin' to the hilt,
I got to wondern' what sort o' heaven the place must be
With iceberg leaders sich as he a-holdin' of the key.

I heard a trav'lin preacher once talk fur a little spell
To quite a crowd o' cowboys bunched inside an ol' corral,
An' tell 'em 'bout the trail that leads up to the range above
An' how the Foreman in the skies was jest a fount o' love,
He smiled all through his gospel talk, an' every rider felt
A sort o' inward kankerin' to play the hand he dealt,
An' when he took 'em by the hand to say goodbye, his smile
Jest seemed to warm to life the seeds he'd sowed in sinful sile.

The parson that discourages with a cold, frost-bitten tongue
An' wears a drawned-out face like he was goin' to be hung
Whose words are just like icicles a-drappin' from a tree,
Ain't never goin' to get the great salvation rope on me.
When I am tallied fur the range up in the promised land
I want to see the preacher smile while burnin' in the brand;
Ain't got no use fur one that tlaks a dead-o'-winter creed,
That makes a feller feel like he's been eatin' loco weed.

As I observed, I ain't no hand at slingin' pious talk,

But when I see a bog ahead, I know enough to balk,
An' when a preacher makes a talk about the crop we'll reap,
I do jest like his brethern do—doze off an' go to sleep.
I know the master up above hain't got a bit o' use
Fur them that preaches gospel words all diped in lemon juice,
But he loves the man with cheery soul that ever keeps in place
A smile that bubbles from his heart an' overflows his face.

WINTER

How I hate the gol darn winter
With its cold and blustery days,
The weather down to zero;
Not a window can you raise.
All the doors are hard to open,
Have to use a hammer and saw.
Nail a cleat on later
When we have another thaw.
Ain't it tough to see your woolpile
Growing smaller every hour,
If you could be a Magician,
Work a little magic power,
Or like Alladin with his lamp
When the gas is kinda low,
You could authorize a change
And have things thus and so,
Stead a haven em like it is.
Din't seem hardly fair
While we are playing freeze out
To charge so much for air
That ain't got no more heat
Than some folks' hearts I know.
I ain't maken no bones about it,
You tell em I said so.

A GRAVE STORY.

One Sunday morning two boys on pleasure bent,
One white, the other black, awalnuting went.
When they came to the trees where the walnuts grew,
After hulling them out they had quite a few.
But to get them home from where they were,
Said Jimmy to Joe, "Well now, I declare,
We never thought to bring a basket or sack,
And its most too far for us to go back."

Said Joe, "I have it, here's what we can do,"
And he started to draw a string from each shoe,
And he tied them around each leg of his pants.
Said Jimmy, "that's good," for he saw at a glance
They could carry them home and not lose a one,
Besides, for two boys it would be jolly fun.
They worked a long time before they were thru;
The walking was awful, the best they could do.

They came to a graveyard when Joe said to Jim,
"My father's a preacher I'm sure 'fraid of him;
He'll miss me today in his Sunday School class;
Climb over that fence, we'll hide 'em in the grass.
We'll divide 'em up even, each one take his share,
And no one will know our walnuts are there.
Come back tomorrow with my little dog cart,
And pack 'em back home before it gets dark."

While climbing the fence they dropped two from the pile.
"Never mind, Jimmy, we get dem after while;
You take that one, this one is mine"
They divided them all, just one at a time.
An old Colored [redacted]man, passing that way
Was very much urprised when he heard a voice say,
"You take that one, this one is mine;
There's a nice black one, that makes forty nine,

The old man started for his home on the run.
He thought sure the day of judgment had come.
At the foot of the hill lived a white, Mr. Blout.
Called the negro, all excited, "Won't you please come out"

"What' the matter, Uncle Eph, you are all out of breath;
Has some one been hurt, what's wrong with yourself?"
Oh please, Mr. Blout, at de graveyard," he said,
The debbil and de Lord, are dividin' de dead."

"No no, Uncle Eph, this sure cannot be,"
"Yes tis, White Man, come go along with me"
Jimmy and Joe, still counting their find,
Up the road walked the White Man, the Negro behind.
Said Joe to Jimmy, "when we climbed dat stonewall,
Don't forget, you let two of dem Walnuts fall
You take that one, this one is mine
There's a nice big one, four hundred an nine."

The White Man and Negro, by this time were there
They heard the boys counting, each taking his share,
You take that one, this one is mine.
There's a nice round one, Lebben eighty nine,
I guess we're all thru, with an equal divide,
After gitten dem two, what's on the outside.
"My Lord." Yelled the Negro, and he out a groan,
But the White Man, beat him, in the race for home.

When I awoke this morning, after a night of trying to sleep. I felt a chill in place of warmth, over my body creep, My room was like an ice house, My windows frosted o'er. The water in my pitcher froze, I couldn't get anymore. No water in the bath room, No water in the tank. There was water in the cistern, But I could not turn the crank. So I took my frozen pitcher and I started for the well. I found the bucked busted, and I could not get a smell, What shall I do for water. I must wash before I eat. I struck a match to light the gas, and found it awful weak. I amsurely up against it, the ice I cannot thaw. Of all the rotten winters, This is the worst I ever saw. They talked on prohibition, Till they took away our booze. They shut the gas and water off, then raised the price of shoes. I wonder what they will do next, my brain is on a strain. I guess I'll have to wait until it all comes right again.

WASH DAY

"I want you to go to the butchers, John for a boiling piece o'meat;
Go right now and don't stay long, if you want anything to eat,
Because I am going to wash today, the weather looks so fine,
Now hurry back, mind what I say, you'll have to put up the line.
I want you to do the wringing, when I get them thru the suds,
And drench them in the blueing, it's good for the dirty duds.
Before you go, get out the machine, and put the biler on,
Be sure there's plenty of gasoline, better get some while you're gone."

"Now John,go on, and don't sty long, because it's growing late,
I should have been at it hours ago, the clock is striking eight.
Come right back, don't stand and talk, just like you always do,
There's a funeral on this afternoon, I am anxious to get thru,
There comes aunt Jane Ridley, why don't she stay at home?
Hurry John, when I wash Monday, I would rather be alone,
She makes me tired talking about things I never learned,
And then she's always gawking, in things she's not concerned."

"Howdy, Jane, I'm glad you came, I thought you moved away,
Take off your things, give me your cane; I'm going to wash today;
I'm kinda late, you see I am, but you know how that goes,
With an ornery good for nothing man, a helpin' with the clothes,
He's at the store, for boiling meat; how's your brother Bob?
I saw him yesterday on the street, was he looking for a job?

Whatever became of Spindle Shank? He had only one limb,
Wasn't he the darnest crank? I was always afraid of him.

Then there was Blinkey Glessor, the man with the high black hat,
We called him the professor, a kind of a college chap,
Schemed very hard to get him, I did; but he had no use for me,
Take off your things aunt Rid; I want you to stay for tea.
Now don't be in a hurry, because I'll soon be thru,
I wish that man would hurry, the clock is striking two,
I'm awful glad you come, aunt Jane; it helps me in my sorrow,
Too late now, it looks like rain, I guess I'll wash tomorrow

A PRAYER HYMN

Oh, God in Heaven, make me pure within,
Oh, God in Heaven, cleanse my soul from sin,
Make me clean and holy, make my future bright,
So by my example others may live right.

I'm weak and lonely, longing for Thy love,
Jesus, the mighty, feed me from above
With food af angels, seasoned by Thy grace.
Be my guide and counsel, let me see Thy face.

When life is over and my work is done,
Be Thou my savior, take me to Thy home.
Where the holy angels praise Thee all day long.
May my soul be happy, mingling with the throng.

A DAILY PRAYER.

God bless me, make me pure within,
Cleanse my body of every sin,
Where I am weak make me strong,
Make the rest of my life one glad, sweet song.

HAND IT TO THEM NOW

They never know how great we are, 'till after we are dead,
How generous with their flowers, piled up around our head,
With letters on our tombstone, telling folks who never knew,
The times of our living here, are valued good and true;
Why is it people wait 'till we're laid beneath the sod,
To talk about the benefit we were to world and God?
It never does a bit of good to people in the ground,
To tell them of their virtues when they never hear a sound.

Why not slip it to them while they're here upon the earth
Let them know if you appreciate the value of their worth
It will be some satisfaction, anyway before they die,
To know the world will miss them when they have to say good-bye.
Don't wait until it's over and the pastor's had his say
About the weary traveler, who must now be on his way
To glory or perdition, either way he can't return,
To know of his condition, he can never live and learn.

Let's give to him the knowledge, and take him by the hand,
Bestow a hearty welcome so that he will understand,
We appreciate his efforts, and the world has had a gain,
And God will not forget him, he has not lived in vain.
Don't be selfish in your nature, honor to whom honor's due
They deserve the praise we give them for their work so good and true.
Let them know they're not forgotten, e're Death has paled their brow,
Don't wait 'till it's too late, but hand it to them NOW!

WIM'S WHIMS

When clothing the body with fine apparel, let not the mind wear the rags of ignorance.

THE WOODSFIELD DIRECTORY

I would rather live in Woodsfield
Than any town I know,
Where there in a good field,
To have young people grow
With schools and churches and two good banks,
Three thousand people, with very few cranks,
Two weekly papers, another one twice
Plenty of lawyers that give good advice,
A list of fine doctors, whenever we're sick,
Two good hotels, Stucco and a brick,
Other places where room and board can be found
If you want to stay awhile, and kinda look around,
We have the best dentists, in the North or the South
That make their own living, from hand to mouth,
Three drug stores, with a line of good dope,
Barbers that handle the best shaving soap,
Masons and Eagles, and the Maccabees,
Eastern Star, Odd Fellows, and a lodge of K. P.'s
Three hardware and two furniture stores,
They will furnish your homes with carpeted floors,
Three restaurants, two on the Main street,
They will give you the best in the market to eat,
Two good plumbers and three butcher shops,
That will doctor your pipes and sell you pork chops,
Millinery stores with ladies fine hats,
And some other stores for the buying of wraps,
Stenography girls regardless of youth
Will do all your work with typewritten truth,
Garages a plenty for automobiles,
And stores that sell shoes, besides the two Diehls,
Tailors make clothes for the arms and the legs,
A Taylor near the depot, that buys and sells eggs,
Two shops for repairing, and pressing your clothes,
And three other places for mending your shoes,
Two places open for selling near beer,
Where billiard and pool can be played in the rear,
If you wish good jewelry, C. L. Mellott
Or the one across the street, who is Harry L. Bott,
You can have your eyes tested, to have them just right
For some people's optics are bum in the sight,
Milligan, Bertram, and others for gum,
Two flouring mills, one by Archer and Son,

Insurance agents, a Building and Loan,
By saving your money you soon have a home,
Real estate agents, Buckio and McCurdy,
Both of these gentlemen you'll find very sturdy
Grocery stores that are all up to date,
One of them was run on the co-operate,
A fine baker shop, his flour well screened,
Where everything handled is spotlessly cleaned,
You can go to the movies, on every week night
The manager will treat you all right,
Jim Masters the marshal, and Taylor the mayor,
Each of these officers are always there.
We have a railroad that is crooked and thin
Does pretty good for the condition it's in,
A fine post office, for handling the mail
From the rear of this building you can see the jail,
Bert Williams sells music for the sick or the well
Jim Bishop grows flowers that are there with the smell,
Our country folks happy while tilling the soil,
And leasing some land for the boring for oil,
Some of our people in wells have done fine
Among them my friend, Mr Aaron Goldstein,
We've a telephone plant, to call up your friends,
Mike and Dave Schahet, who gathers up odds and ends,
We have a town clock, now and then slips a notch,
That was built for poor people, that can't buy a watch,
We have as fine women, both single and married,
As any other town in the state, ever carried,
Tobacco to be tied, and a Cigar Plant,
Haberdashery clothing to beat them you can't,
A department store, when the farmers come in
They always remember to call and see Jim,
Auto agents, who tell you how every one feels
When they buy the best car ever run on four wheels.
Our water is the finest that you ever drank,
Our cisterns are filtered we draw it with a crank,
Our city water works, are built out of town,
The water is clear, when it ain't brown,
Our electric light system is a little lame—
John is a friend of mine, he's not to blame,
We have natural gas, at times it's all right,
One time this winter, it was clear out of sight,
We have our grafters, like any other town,
In the hotel lobbies, they are generally found.

To them there is nothing new under the sun,
Then I knew it would happen before it begun,
In a year from now, if we have good luck,
We will have fine roads for Bus or Truck.
When the war broke out, we did our bit,
We sent boys to France, that turned out to be IT,
Bought Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps
And everything else, and we looked for the chance
To win the World War, was out great aim,
God bless the Red Cross, for she played a good game,
A health officer and nurses, come handy when sick,
If there is any hope, you get well very quick.
Our creamery butter, is the best in the land,
They also have ice for the summer on hand,
John Burgbacher's lumber, can always be bought,
If you want to build a house or a barn on your lot,
Three blacksmiths, will satisfy you,
If it's a wagon too fix or a horse needs a shoe,
Rig builders, tool dressers, and others are found
For your $3.00 oil, when it comes from the ground,
Two Oil Well Supplies, and two livery barns,
Babe Turner mends harness, for the city or farms,
Raymond Morris takes pictures, for you now and then,
If you want something cheap, go to our Five and Ten,
We have carpenters, plasterers, and others to date,
When you wish a job done, why you don't have to wait,
We have a Tool Company, that has a good plan,
For furnishing work for the laboring man,
Have you seen the Court House, where they do county biz,
That costs us some dough, to put her where she is,
We have our Town Council, our Judges and Clerks,
The Sheriff and Surveyor, takes in the whole works,
When your bones all ache, and your brain in a stupor,
Take my advice, call in Doctor Cooper.
When life is all over, and you bid us adieu,
Two undertakers will look after you,
And when you are buried, the relations you had,
Will call on the Menkels to furnish the slab.
If I have missed any one, please notify ME,
I live on High Street, ah, hundred and three.

It takes a powerful memory to remember all you say, if you talk much.

GOODBYE HORSE, IN MOTOR AGE.

In the circus of the future, with their animals on display,
There will be some different curios than what we have today,
Of course they'll have the Elephant, and all those kind of things,
The ones that act will do their stunts out in the circus rings
They'll have the Zebra with his stripes, the seals will balance balls,
You'll see the Monkeys doing tricks and hear Hyena squalls
The Clowns will still be with us, as a matter of course,
But the gheatest Curiosity will be the poor old Horse.

They'll stand and stare at the tall Giraffe, some will say, "Oh, my,"
But he don't mind the cost of living 'cause his food is always high.
The Dogs will please the children as they did when called a pup,
Do summersaults with their hind legs when you hold the fronts up.
They'll romp and scamper around like when you and I were young.
The boys and girls will all be there to take part in the fun.
Then a man will stand upon a box and yell with all his might,
"Now friends, with your attention you will see a wondrous sight.

Here we have a quadruped, his like in days gone by
People used upon the streets before machines began to fly.
The country people used him for their work upon the farm,
Children rode upon his back, he did nobody harm.
He'd work all day and some times night, in sunshine and in rain.
It made no difference, sick or well, he never would complain
He lived on corn, oats and hay and grass from pastures green.
Some were treated awful nice, and others mighty mean.

Some were owned by rich folks , some others owned by poor,
Some were owned by peddlers, selling goods from door to door,

Some were driven in sulkys, as they raced around a track,
Some were stolen by horse thieves who never brought them back,
Some were used for street cars, sometimes they used a mule,
A lot of them worked in livery barns, driven by many a fool,
A good old faithful animal, he was everybody's slave,
He'd run quickly for the doctor, then slowly to the grave.

He was always a great companion, just as you see him now,
With a leg on every corner, just the same as any cow.
But time has placed him in the past, his race is almost run,
He's had his ups and downs in life, made a living for many one.
He's been in war as well as peace, at times his chance was slim,
He'd drive by almost any name, it made no difference to him.
They made a harness for his back, the cowboys used a saddle,
Sometimes they'd capture a wild one and he'd make them skeedaddle.

'Twas fun to watch 'em way out west, tryin' to ride the beast,
They often had a gala day with a tenderfoot from the East
Sometimes they had a college chap, on vacation from school,
Who knew all about the game, could ride any bore or mule,
Then was when the fun commenced, they'd name a certain day,
Bring out a fiery, untamed steed, and let him have his way,
They'd fit a saddle on the horse,buckle it good and tight,
Put the Knowall on his back, then yell with all their might.

You've read about disasters, an explosion in a mine,
You heard about Jack Dempsey knocking Carpentier out of time,
But none of them hold a candle, not even a little smell,
He wondered if the war was bad like Sherman used to tell;
That horse he bucked and humped his back shot him in the air,

He kicked and pawed annd plunged around, as tho he didn't care.
The cowboys picked the Knowall up, they said, "You'e doing fine,
But we didn't hear you sa, git up." He said, "I hadn't time."

Yes, friends, this horse, a relic still owned by some,
But automobiles and flying machines have put him on the bum.
No more you see him in the field, with coat so slick and clean,
Not even at the Movies do you see him on the screen.
At last he's one of the Down and Outs, as you see him in that cage.
We class him as all too slow for the people of our age.
There was a time he was nicely groomed, wore shoes upon his feet,
And his body was sold in a butcher shop like any other meat.

Goodbye, old Horse, alas, farewell, in fact, I'll say adieu,
Never again on God's green earth will there be anything like you,
You were always good and faithful, so honest, gentle and kind.
No more we'll see you switch your tail to shoo flies from behind.
No more we'll travel on your back when traveling to and fro,
In these days of rapid transit, for that snail pace is too slow.
Your bones are now boiled into glue, your hide makes good shoe leather.
Folks in the East enjoy a feast when they eat horse meat together.

Develope your power ff concentration. A wonderful asset to the affairs of life, an ability worth while.

A fool can do more damage in a minute than a wise man do undo in six months.

WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER DON'T GET MAD

Did you ever lose your temper when you tried to do a thing
Get mad and break it up, 'stead of smiling and start to sing,
Sometimes I think Dame Nature has a lot of fun with us,
By having things contrary and hearing some men cuss,
When anything goes wrong, if we'd make investigation,
We'd find the fault with ourselves, we lost the combination,
Take a watch for instance with all its screws and springs,
When worked on by an amateur, there's enough for other things.

First his knowledge of a watch, is rather premature,
He never studied geometry, his measurements are poor,
And putting it together he is rather indiscreet,
He should know its mechanism to have it quite complete.
By that there is a reason for all the make of things,
They do not come by chance, or a wish that never brings.
The answer to our problems, we must work them by degrees,
With a mind of concentration, then it goes with perfect ease.

Practice patience and perseverence, with a little oil of joy
And endurance, with assurance, will come to you, my boy
A pleasure, without measure, in a temper battle cure,
By a mind that was confined, to thoughts both good and pure.
Don't let anger cross your pathway, treat with a manner cold,
From your heart cast every grudge, 'gainst a brother you may hold;
While we differ in opinions, who is right or who is wrong,
Life's too short to ever worry; kick your heels and sing a song.

No matter what a girl's political belief may be she always wants protection.

BE YOUR NATURAL SELF

This world is filled with echos that resound from shore to shore,
Why deal in imitations, when perhaps you can do more.
Just use your adaptations, that nature for you planned,
You may climb the highest mountain, where others proudly stand.
When you deal in facts and figures, as you know them to exist,
You are telling truthful stories, and the world will not resist
In giving you the credit, where it rightfully belongs
When he knows you are the author of your stories, rhymes and songs.
Don't steal away from others, for it never pays to lie.
When the rightful author finds it out, which he will bye and bye,
Then you make all kinds of offers, but your're laid upon the shelf.
And no one wants to know you—you can never square yourself,
You are not obliged to say, that, you did what others claim.
Within yourself perhaps there lies power to greater fame.
So get right down to brass tacks, give yourself a calm review.
You surely be surprised when you find what you can do.
It requires careful study, you must learn to concentrate
You may find your natural kobby, lying just within the gate,
Or it may be that you'll have to keep on delving for a year,
But do not get discouraged, you will find it, never fear.
When you do, go after it, and work both night and day,
For nature gives suggestions that will help you on your way—
When you find your proper level, now remember what I've said
It will cause your own destruction if you let it swell your head.

AUTO TRAVEL IN THE SOUTH

Alabama roads are mud and sand,
Florida too has fame,
Texas roads considerably damned
She's largely in the game
Georgia roads are simply fine,
Louisana black loam,
But give to me Ohio,
Monroe county hills back home.

I used to think when I was home,
Our roads were awful rough.
I've changed my mind about them,
They are plenty good enough.
When predicting Texas weather,
They will tell you as a rule
A man is either a stranger,
Or a natural born fool.

No two days are just alike,
The air is filled with doubt.
You make your plans to go somewhere
When a "Norther" knocks you out.
The Sun shines hot, you swear and sweat
Your body's in a foam,
You sneeze and cough, your hat blows off;
Nothing like that back home.

I remember once in Florida
We went to bill a town,
We drove through swamps and quicksand,
For many miles around.
Roads running all directions
North, East, South and West,
T'would puzzle the Almighty
To know which one was best.

We started one day from Gainesville,
On a road thru beautiful pine,
We said: "what a lovely day this is."
The weather was simply fine.
The water covered some of the roads,
They said: "Oh, that Ain't much."

But it cost me seventeen eightyfive,
And a liner for the clutch.

Oh, yes; those roads are all O. K.
To the man that don't know others.
The Southern man has a job on hand
Convincing his Northern brothers.
I've traveled over miles of roads,
That go from Sea to Sea.
My home is in dear Ohio,
Where all roads look good to me.

DON'T NEGLECT THE OLD FOLKS.

My nerves are all unstrung to-day,
I'll tell you the reason why,
It's about a letter I sent away,
And I never recieved a reply.
They don't seem over anxious,
About our home nor health,
Might drop a card and thank us,
But they only think of self.

Pap and I, they know are old,
Our health is none too good.
Our blood is thin, for winter's cold,
And we are scarce of food.
Young folks don't seem to care,
Perhaps they do not know,
When they're old, the worse for wear,
They'll find it hard to go.

Mandy,(that's the only child at home),
Says "Now Maw, please don't fret,
Perhaps they're busy-you know John;
You'll get a letter yet.
There's the mail coming down the lane
Just wait, I'll ask the man."
And sure enough a letter came,
I saw it in her hand.

"Thumpity bump" my old heart went,
Now we'll hear from John.
'Twas a darned old advertisement,
Telling about some Bod-I-Tone.

Nothing will tone my body up,
Like the news I want to hear,
Why don't he write, the little pup,
They're all down sick I fear.

Don't forget the old folks, boy
When you're away from home.
Close your eyes, you see them
By the home fireside—alone.
The day you left they kissed you,
And whispered in your ear,
"Don't forget to write us, son
You know we love you dear."

Sit down now, and write them;
Tell them where you are,
Relate your joys and sorrows,
While from home afar,
Tell them how you miss them,
Friends that are always true,
If they only knew your address now,
My boy, they'd write to you.

FOR A CARPENTER, VERY SYMPATHETIC,

Who once tore down a barn for me and built a fence on the corner where the barn had been, a good fellow but very eccentric.

Here lies a poor carpenter, a good one in his time,
Who manufactured articles from hemlock, oak and pine,
Such as chairs, tables and benches and beehives for the farm,
And building city fences. He once tore down a barn.
On days he wasn't working you could see him stand around.
No matter how tired he got he never would sit down.
But he's gone where the woodbine twineth;
We miss his social grin.
Just stick a board at the head of his grave;
That's good enough for him.

SINCE THE DAYS OF SIXTY-ONE TO FIVE.

Well, Robert, we are gitten old,
Our days are almost done,
We've had our ups and downs in life,
Our sorrows and our fun;
We've had our spats about sweethearts,
When jealousy wrinkled our brow,
But the children of our boyhood days
Are the old folks of the now.

Do you know, Robert, when I look back
On what we've both gone thru,
It seems to be impossible
That this is I and you.
We've nursed and cursed each other,
And wished each other well,
As we battled thru the Rebellion,
That Sherman said was Hell.

When I was wounded at Gettysburg,
With my face toward the sky,
I could hear your voice above all,
Shouting Victory or Die.
I suffered for three long days—
How did I live thru?
When you crawled to my side,
For you were wounded too.

Oh, Bob, I shall never forget
What you did for me that day;
You held your canteen to my lips
And bade we drink away.
How it cooled my fevered tongue,
A nectar from on High.
Bob, that water tasted good;
My throat was awful dry.

"Thanks," I said, "Friend Bob,"
As I stopped to let you drink.
You said, "No, just finish it.
For I am on the brink."
Then you sent a prayer to God,

That I'd get back to health.
You held the last drop to my lips
And done without yourself.

How we ever lived thru Andersonville,
When captured by the foe,
Is something I can't understand,
And God will only know.
Once my strength was almost gone,
But you stood bravely by,
And whispered,"Cheer up, old boy,
Just look to Him on High."

We prayed to God to let us live,
To see our home and wives.
We said we'd both be better men,
And live good Christian lives.
He spared us; we both pulled thru,
But it took some tender care.
It only goes to prove, friend Bob,
That God will answer prayer.

Not many boys of Sixty-one
Are blessed like you and I
With four score years and some.
But soon we too must die.
We've lived to see another war,
Our grandsons had to share.
We're proud to see Old Glory,
Our Flag, still waving there.

Our ranks are thinning fast,
As each year travels by,
And very few at Roll-call
Now feebly answers, "I"
But when our summons comes to go
And leave this earthly fray,
May we be ready, you and I;
Kneel, Bob, let us pray.

Love is a disease that some people get just as often as they are exposed.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT.

I was born about four thousand years ago,
And there's nothing ever happened I don't know.
I saw King Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the water.
I can whip the man that says it isn't so.
I saw Noah when he built the famous ark.
I sneaked into it one night when it was dark,
I saw Jonah eat the whale, I pulled the lion's tail,
And I crossed the Land of Canaan on a lark.

For I am a highly educated man;
To keep my brains within my hat I plan.
I have been on this earth so long
That I used to sing this song,
When Abraham and Isaac rushed the can.

I saw Satan when he searched the garden o'er,
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door.
While the apple they were eating 'round the bushes I was creeping.
I can prove that I'm the man that ate the core.
I was there when Cain slew Abel in the glade,
I am sure the game was poker that they played.
Now right here is the rub, did he kill him with a club?
I am sure it was a diamond or a spade.

Chorus:—

Queen Elizabeth was dead in love with me;
We were married in Milwaukee secretly,
But I schemed around and shook her, and went with Gen. Hooker,
To fight mosquitos down in Tennessee.
I've sat with kings and queens on either hand,
And jacks and aces, too, you understand.
I've seen an auction sale, on the water in a gale,
And I've seen a schooner drunk upon dry land.

Chorus:—

I remember when this country had a king,
I saw Cleopatra pawn her wedding ring,

I saw Ireland's colors flying, when Geo. Washington stopped lying,
On the day when when Patti first began to sing.
I taught Solomon his little A.B.C.'s,
I helped Brigham Young invent Limberger cheese,
I was sailing on the bay with Mathusala one day,
And I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze.

Chorus:—

PROPERTY PRIDE

Well, I've got my grapevines trimmed and tied them to the arbor. My, oh! I am tired out. I think I neverworked harder to have my property looking nice, I always did take pride, especially when my neighbors do who are living on each side. There are others living across the street who are troubled with that germ of having things look nice and neat in what they are concerned. Just take a walk around the town and notice how things look. Some folks owning property should hang up a hook, for all they do toward fixing up, to beautify their homes. Their property looks just like a pile of sticks and stones. No wonder renters kick some time about the price they have to pay, for shacks they live are all going to decay .Why don't you go to work, landlord, and spend a little kale. It's a wonder some of your renters don't ride you on a rail. You talk of profiteering, when you never spend a cent. You say you cannot raise the dough, but you can raise the rent. Go to it with a hammer and nails, fix up that old bench, get out your hatchet and saw and tighten up the fence. Your house looks bad, it needs some paint, your sheds are falling down. Get busy with your sidewalk, its the bummest one in town. You can afford to do it now with rents so awful high. Will you take that money with you when it comes your time to die? Don't you try it, landlord; in heaven they need no dough, and it will me't in the other place, where you might possibly go.

The woman who cannot hold her tongue or a baby has no busines with either.

THE KNOW IT ALL.

Why do you treat your father so bad?
  Young man, I am talking to you,
Why do your answers make mother sad?
  When a gentle reply would do.
Why do you handle brother so rough,
  And meet him each day with a scowl?
Why does sister receive a rebuff?
  At home you do nothing but growl.

Is it, you think, you are wiser than they?
  I suppose in your own estimation.
You think it looks big to treat them that way
  But it leads to your own degradation.
Get away from the gang you associate in
  That teaches you that kind of gush,
Profanity, slang, and all kind of sin;
  It will send you to h-ll with a rush.

Get wise young man, you are living in vain;
  There's no sense in acting that way,
What do you gain with a knowledge insane,
  What is your average today?
Take an account of the way you are doing,
  In the years you have lived up to date,
You see right along, some day you'll be rueing,
  Your finish will be a sad fate.

They who have lived, in the days you were not,
Are anxious to give you advice,
They know the right way from experience got;
  That cost some a terrible price,
So do not be foolish, take heed while you can,
  Treat those at your home with respect,
There's lots of room in this world for a Man,
  But none for those who neglect.

Man is made of dust. At least some wives think husbands are.

WHAT CAN YOU BUY WITH A "THANK YOU MAM?"

We often hear sayings, we never forget
While making this Journey thru life.
"Well I Should Smile" and another "You Bet"
And "His Words Seemed to Cut Like a Knife"
"You Don't Say So" says the boy with a grin.
While Out on the Lawn Flying Kite.
When his sister says, Mama wants you to come in.
Are you going to stay out there all night?

"Hello Googie" On you "I am Bugs".
No matter what others may say.
Your people won't stand for our dear loving hugs,
So we'll make our "Quick get away".
This sayings from the fellow in love with the one
He wants for his own loving wife.
For he found after while when the courting was done
She's the proper companion thru life.

When Hubby comes home from a meeting of Lodge,
And it happens he's a little bit late,
He tries to explain with some kind of a dodge
To Make a Lie sound awful straight.
Then he says aint it funny when wifey finds out,
In spite of anything he can do
But she gets it from the neighbors while gadding about
Strange how they do it. But they do.

You tried to pull the wool over wifey's eyes,
But the same gag don't always do,
For somehow or other the wifeys "get wise,"
Then you've got to fix up something new.
These lies always keep a home in a spat.
Then look what it costs to be rude.
You've got to buy this and you've got to buy that.
Oh, Man, why can't you be good?

So goes the world year in and year out
You hear nothing but "Slang Being Slung"
You hear it each day while you're walking about
As its used by the old and the young.
I meet a little girl one day on the street,

When she placed a boquette in my hand,
I said to her, My but those roses are sweet
And the price that I paid was "Thank you Mam."

Oh, you're welcome said she with a cute little smile.
You needn't mind bout the change.
But I think when you study this over a-while
Some other plan you'll arrange.
For when I total up my receipts for the day,
To find out just where I am,
I'm a little short, please tell me pray,
What can I buy with that "THANK YOU MAM."

CHARMING MELODIES

There's a place called Honolulu
Where I always like to go
Just to see a girl I know,
Because I love her so.
When she strums her Ukulele
In a manner quite sublime,
To hear her you would
Say she is divine.

REFRAIN:

With her rum-tum, tiddle-de-i-do,
And her tuer-ral-de-ay.
That girl in Honolulu
She can sing and play.
When she strums sweet music comes
Like honey from the bees;
With her Ukelele, singing gayly,
Charming melodies.

This girl from Honolulu
Is a dear old pal of mine,
In the good old summer time,
When the weather is so fine.
She will play her Uklele
With me sitting by her side,
As down the river
Silently we glide.

REFRAIN

SPRING IS HERE

Good morning, Spring, you darling young thing
Your coming to us make our hearts sing,
We are tired of winter, the days have been drear,
It seems a long time since you were here.
Your breath brings the flowers we all love to see,
It calls back the birds and the honey bee,
It brings smiling faces and drives away frown,
We are always glad when you come round.

We must get out the rake and the rusty old hoe
And dig up the ground to make things grow,
Roll up our sleeves and drop in the seed;
By the sweat of our brow we raise what we need.
We'll be kept very busy from now until fall;
When harvest time comes we must care for it all.
Put it up nicely in clean jars and cans,
Then kill off our hogs for the shoulders and hams.

Salt down the butter and pack eggs away,
At times in the winter the hens won't lay,
The cows go dry and the milk runs short.
Instead of a gallon we don't get a quart.
Busy all day from the rising of the sun,
But the farmers life is a very merry one,
Singing at his work, as happy as a clam,
I would rather be farmer than city man.

Pure water to drink, it don't cost a penny;
When the river goes dry the city don't get any.
We raise our own eats, fresh eggs and chickens;
To live in the city, it costs like the dickens.
We breathe pure air that gives us good health;
When the city man wants it he must fan himself.
Cooped up like that I would die very soon;
I want to live where there's plenty of room.

THE FUTURE OF THIS LIFE

"If I could live my life again how different I would be."
You often hear a remark like that, it has been made to me.
By people in every walk of life you hear the same expression.
No doubt it has been always thus from the beginning of creation.
Some people think this worldly life is nothing but a curse,
We're all as God has made us, but some people make it worse
By doing things they should not do in this great world of pride.
No matter how dame fortune smiles they are never satisfied.

Oh, give me back my childhood days, the springtime of my life
When all was joy and sunshine, no thought of care nor strife,
Those college days of learning that I thought was all a bore;
I would garner in the knowledge as I never did before.
The professors told me then, "I'd regret it all some day;
That nothing else but ignorance would ever come my way;
In earnest concentration my mind should be applied
By eating fruit from wisdom's tree, and thus be fortified."

But I thought the Lord had given me a natural growth of sense,
And all day long I sang my song regardless of expense.
While there is life there is always hope and never too late to mend,
Go where you will, do what you may, no matter what money you spend
There is always regret for something done, now isn't this saying true,
That one could do better the second time if they had it again to do?
We see things now in a different light, the result would be better fruit.
But what is the use of repining, where there's a will, there's a lawsuit.

Young man, go bury that rubbish; your future will sure-

ly be wrong;
You must take heed of the knowledge you need to mingle with the throng.
Your prospects will be brighter, your views of affairs will be plain,
If you pay strict attention to learning your living will not be in vain,
Go after the problems with vigor, resolve to go right while you can;
The world has always a welcome and room for that kind of a man.
Stand up for the rights of old glory in whatever country you trod,
Take this advice for your future and enjoy the blessings of God.

Man's life is a game of cards, first its "Cribbage" next he tries to "go it alone" at a sort of "Cut shuffle and deal pace" then he raises the "Deuce," when his mother "takes a hand in" and contrary to Hoyle beats the little Joker with her five, then with his diamonds he wins "the Queen of Hearts." Tired of playing a "lone hand," he expresses a desire to "Assist" his fair "Partner" "throws out his card" and the clergyman takes a ten dollar bill out of him on a "pair" she "orders him up" to start the fires. Like a "knave" he joins the "Clubs" where he sometimes keeps "straight" but more often comes home "flush" he grows old and "Bluff" sees a "Deal" of trouble and when at last he "shuffles" off this mortal coil and passes in his "checks" he is "Raked in" by a "Spade" and lifes fitful "Game" is ended, and no matter what sort of "hand" he held, Gabriel with his horn will "Trump it."

AN EVENING.

(Swiped.)

You sing a little song or two and have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge, and then you take your hat,
You hold her hand and say, "Good night," as sweetly as you can;
"Ain't that a lovely evening for a great big healthy man.

THE BAKER'S BIRTHDAY

I wss invited out to dinner, by a friend not long ago;
The occasion was the birthday of the man who kneads the dough,
I certainly had a good time, I enjoyed all kinds of fun,
Of the things I saw and heard that day, I'll tell them one by one
At the opening of the program, the baker got up and said:
"The entertainment will be given by my store of cakes and bread.
Mrs. Graham will sing a song; her voice is hard to down,
Her complexion is not put on at all, her natural color is brown.

I next take pleasure in introducing another one hard to beat
A lady known throughout the world as charming Mrs. Wheat."
"I know her," said old man Rye, "she has children at our place."
When up jumps one, with an old stale bun, and smashed Rye in the face.
"Hold on," said Lady Finger, "for I shall take a hand;
For this abuse of mother, I shall pound cake off the stand,
Don't you think because I'm small, and live on eggs and butter,
That I can't fight," she grabs old Rye, and fires him in the gutter.

"Ho, ho, ho," laughs little Doughnut, with his mouth so big and round
"That's the best joke of the season, none better can be found."
"You dry up," said Ginger-snap, "for I'll tell you a few,
With that awful air-hole in your head there's enough now out of you."
Biscuits said, "just wait a bit, you haven't heard my say,
And when I'm through, you will admit, I've certainly had my day,
Down in the southern country, I've attended many a feast,
Now listen to my story, for we all came from the yeast.

In the mornings, bright and early, 'neath the southern

sunny skies,
They start in baking hot breads, Jonney cakes, and pumpkin pies,
Buckwheat cakes, and fritters, and they always have corn-pone,
But biscuits take the premium, they are found in every home.
I want to say right here my friends, I go from place to p'ace,
I am sometimes called a door-knob, they make me a disgrace,
Some they say it can't be helped, they try with all their power
To make me good, but there I am, it must be in the flour.

You can't forget the great World War; I was there every day.
While in their conversations, I heard every word they'd say,
Especially when at meal time, they'd commence to hustle 'round,
Opening up their different kits, to spread upon the ground,
What eats they had left over, whatever that may be,
Ask the dough boys 'bout them biscuits, they were very fond of me
In that great strife across the foam, I know you'll all admit,
I kept the boys from starving, and by that I done my bit.

So friends let's stop this wrangle, and show our common sense,
To make the least of us these days, required some expense,
You saw defects, as well as I, as we gazed on one another,
Just think of the fate of coffee cake, he was our absent brother
Now don't think I am boasting, in what I've said today,
I thank you for attention, but before I go away,
I'll say right here lest I forget, and then I'll call a halt,
Let's do the very best we can, then the blame's not our fault.
P. S. Dedicated to my friend, Clement Driggs, on his birthday, March 15, '20

O-H-I-O

My home is in Ohio, a state well known to fame,
Where the boys are sociable, the girls are just the same.
We have no use for laggards, we are always on the go,
When they want a President, they call on O-hio.

CHORUS

O-hio, O-hio, O-h-i-o,
Where my heart is gay and free,
Where I always want to be,
You sure look good to me, O-hio.

You will know Ohio people, the way they grasp your hand,
They seem to give a knowledge, so that you will understand
You are welcome to their pleasures, no matter where you roam,
When you're in Ohio, you will always feel at home.

CHORUS: O-hio, O-hio, O-h-i-o.

I love you dear Ohio, I love your rugged hills,
I love the home where I was born, among the rocks and rills.
And when my days are over, and I must say farewell,
Just lay me in Ohio, where I've always loved to dwell.

CHORUS: O-hio, O-hio, O-h-i-o.

P. S.—After writing the above, I am introducing this comedy stanza, with apologies:

I have been in dear Ohio, since Eighteen Ninety Five,
And I have had to hustle, to keep myself alive,
But when I say Good-bye to this earth's passing show,
I'll meet friends from Ohio, no matter where I go.

Yours truly—LITTLE WILLIE.

Where did Yesterday go today, and where is Tomorrow from? Today will be Yesterday tomorrow, when Today Tomorrow has gone.

If Tomorrow goes into a Yesterday, with the rest of the Yesterdays, we will never see aTomorow, unless Today is the Tomorrow of Yesterday.

JANUARY 13, 1922, MY BIRTHDAY

Three score, and five years more,
I've lived them up until now,
My hair is grey, my walk is slower,
There are wrinkles on my brow.
My life seems just as cheery,
My general health is good,
My limbs do not grow weary
And I don't see why they should.

I once knew a traitor, called worry,
And he was a mean old cuss,
His aim was to make me sorry,
By kicking up some kind of muss.
Do you know he had me that hazy
By putting bunk in my head,
I thought I would surely go crazy?
I've sat up all night in my bed.

I've seen the menagerie of Spookey-land,
Where the animals grow tall and strong,
Snakes and crocodiles roll in the sand;
I've seen them the whole night long.
A big hornet sat on a grindstone,
With a mosquito sharpening his sting,
A kangaroo playing the trombone
And a blind turkey, trying to sing.

A wasp had a fight with two weasles,
A frog playing card with a mule,
A rat on a drunk with the measles,
And a mouse took a ride on a spool.
Away wwith that junk, I don't need 'em,
These faries are not all alive,
I live in the sunshine of freedom
Still a boy at my age, sixty-five.

ST. VALENTINE DAY

St. Valentine Day will soon be here,
From pictures I see in the store—
Some are left overs, they had last year,
I know; I have seen them before—
One of these beauties I sent to my wife.
Gosh! she was mad as a pup.
It called her a phonograph all of her life
And she never knew when to let up.

It's a beautiful chromo, and looks like her some
With a beak on her face like a parrot,
And eyes like a fish, but they're both out of plumb
She hung it upstairs in the garret.
Another one went to Mrs. Jane Roodle,
An old lady living up street
A sand hill crane with curls on her noodle
And number ten shoes on her feet.

Her body was bent in a kangaroo shape,
With a mouth like a crack in a pie.
Her ankles looked like the handle of a rake,
With a double barreled squint in her eye.
Her nose hung on by a stem like a pear,
And her hair was fiery red.
So tall she had to stand on a chair,
When she felt like scrtching her head.

At first she thought it was sent by her sister
Later on, she accused her brother.
If she ever finds out, she will knock me a twister
The old hen is my wife's mother.

A POKER HAND

Pat Dugan, one day went hunting for squirrel,
But he found game under a tree,
Three men plying cards said, Pat take a whirl,
Said Pat, I will to please ye,
The cards were doled out, Pat got his five,
They asked, if he knew how to play,
Sure said Pat, I have played all me life,
Don't ask foolish questions, fire away.

It came to the discard, each one took a few,
But Pat said proudly, I'll stand,
Each looked at the other, wondering what to do,
They were surprised at Pat's, Pat hand,
It's your bet Pat, said the dealer with a frown
He thought sure he had the cards fixed,
In shuffling them up sometimes they go wrong,
And do not get properly mixed.

I'll bet you five dollars, said Pat with a smile,
So excited, his face became red,
Two men dropped out after staying a while,
The pot had gone over their head,
The dealer and Pat went at it for fair,
The dealer thought Pat held bluff,
But he finally called him with only two pair,
In poker sometimes that's enough.

Is that all you had, said Pat, its too bad,
Well. kindly pass over the dough,
They almost dropped dead, as Pat proudly said,
I have big, and little Casino.

A TOMBSTONE EPETAPH FOR A BAKER FRIEND.

Down in this grave, under the snow,
Lies a poor baker who kneads no dough.
The bread he made while upon earth
People who bought, got their money's worth.
So, friends, gather round and with me shed a tear
For the pie and cake baker who lies buried here.
Plant roses and tulips for him now at rest,
But his favorite flour was Pillsbury's Best.

WHAT'S THE USE, EH?

In these days of prohibition,
We do without our booze,
Now I hear they're going
To can our smokes and chews.
Why is all this racket,
What harm does it do
For a feller, when he's lonely
To have a smoke or chew.

Lots of solace in terbacker,
At least I've found it so,
Times I felt kinda blue,
And had no where to go.
Found comfort in my habit,
The friend that always cheers,
Don't rob me of this pleasure
That I've enjoyed for years.

They advertise, Prince Albert,
Likewise, Velvet Joe,
Cigarettes and stogies,
San-Felice and Cinco.
Evening's by my fireside,
When I'm all through biz,
My pipe and Hillside Navy
The best terbacker, is.

What's the use of livin',
If a feller can't enjoy,
The life he has been given
Though some one must annoy.
Some are never satified,
What others like to do,
I would rather use the weed,
It beats a rag, to chew.

You may say, I'm cranky,
I don't care a snap,
I am not the only one
That you fanatics rap.
You that act like angels
On the street, but at home
You live a different angle,
Please, don't throw a stone.

Some folks, dress up Sundays
All togged out for church,
When you see them Mondays

Religion's in the lurch.
Their baptismal vaccination
Did not take, it seemed,
Stead of being throroughly washed
They were only dry cleaned.

THAT ..CAR.

He owned a handsome touring car,
To ride in it was heaven.
He ran across a piece of glass;
Bill—$14.97.

He took his friends out for a ride,
'Twas was good to be alive;
The carbureter sprung a leak,
Bill—$40.95.

He started on a little tour,
The finest sort of fun.
He stopped too quick and stripped his gears,
Bill—$90.51.

He took his wife down town to shop,
To save car fare was great.
He jammed into a hitching post,
Bill—$19.28.

He spent his little pile of cash,
And then in anguish cried:
"I'll put a mortgage on the house,
And take just one more ride!"

Waste not, want not,
A maxim I would teach,
Not only say it to others,
But practice what you preach.

BUSTING THINGS.

There was a fellow got a hunch
That he was strictly "it";
Just to get even with his boss
He quit.

The boss he bore it wondrous well,
He never failed or moaned or swore;
But said, "As you go out don't slam
The door."

The other boys about the place
Did not go moping much that day,
They laughed and said good-by and drew (Their pay.

He thought; "They do not realize
That I have left them to their fate.
So much the better; let them laugh;
But wait!"

And then he ambled down the street
And confidently told the town,
"Now, fellows, watch and see the boss
Fall down."

Somehow or other things went on;
The business did not go to smash;
The boss went smiling as he grabbed
The cash.

And every day the fellow met
Some friend who didn't know he'd quit
And didn't know and wasn't sore
A bit.

It rather stunned him that the world
Went booming on through day and night
As well as when he used to keep
It right.

Somehow there isn't any man
For whom the whole creation

squirms;
And good men cluster round a job
Like germs.

And when you up and leave your place
And think the whole blame works will
quit,
The Joker hollers, "Tag old man,
You're it!"

The world goes plugging, plodding on,
As unconcerned as it can be;
If you are mentioned some one asks,
"Who's he?"

ANOTHER YEAR

As we are beginning another year,
Let's put on our armor and fight,
Go after the problems without fear,
Make things that are wrong come right.
Don't be afraid of the morrow,
Go after the work of the now,
Be patient with those who have sorrow,
Cheer them along somehow.

Show them that life is worth living,
In this glorious land of the free,
You will find there is pleasure in giving,
How little that giving might be.
The blessing of life is in doing,
Whatever you find on the road,
If only a smile its worth brewing,
It may lighten some fellows load.

Go down in your pocket with advice
For no matter what creed or clan,
The music of coin sounds very nice,
In furthering the brotherhood of man,
So greet this year with a glad hurrah,
You will understand what I mean,
And always remember wherever you are,
It takes money to run this machine

OIL. OIL. OIL.

At the P. O. one day last week some mail I thot I'd find,
I saw a card stuck up in the front, saying both trains are behind,
So I stood around for quite a spell and heard some feller say,
Hello Charley, How are you, I leased my land today.
Charley said, is that so Bill. Do you think you'll get some gas,
Or is it oil you're looking for. The other man said Yas.
I thot I'd give my land a trial, my rickes might increase,
I get an eighth besides a bonus, so I let 'em have a lease.

Another man said, how are you John how's your hole in the ground?
Oh, he says we're doin' O. K. We're quite a good piece down,
Bout tomorrow noon we'll strike the Keener, then I'm going to shoot.
We'll either git a bone dry hole, or else she'll be a beaut.
That's all you hear about now-a-days, how is it with your well?
My neighbor struck it mighty fine, but I can't get a smell,
To tell the truth I'm bout all in, one of my derricks fell,
Cost some money to play that game. Don't it beat all—well.

Wherever you go, up town or down, inside of the house or out,
The conversation's just the same. That's all they talk about.
Oil for breakfast, oil for dinner, nothing but oil all day,
From the time you get up till you go to bed, that's all you hear them say.
No wonder Woodsfield people are smart. The reason is very plain,
The wheels in their heads are kept well fed, for they have so much oil on the brain.

MAN, POOR MAN

When you arise in the morning, and everything looks blue,
And you feel you have a grouch on no matter what you do,
Don't frown down on your neighbor, and act like one insane,
Don't slap the dog nor kick the cat, perhaps they are not to blame,
Don't scold your little wifey, for she has enough of care,
Getting the children ready for school, must wash and comb their hair,
While you have nothing else to do but put on your hat and go.
Think of the hardships wifey has, more than you'll ever know.
If you don't believe it try it, fix up the children for school,
Attend the baby while cooking meals, supplying the stove with fuel,
Making the beds and sweeping the floors, cleaning the sink and cuspidors,
Milking the cow and feeding the horse,
Getting the clothes all ready for wash,
Scrubbing the floors and baking the bread,
Mending the clothes with needle and thread,
Sewing patches for quilts and darning of socks,
And keep in your mind the winding of clocks,
Put up the fruit for the winter's store;
I've said a few things, there's a whole lot more,
But don't you think when you have this done,
You'll agree with me she has no fun,
She makes no kick about the hours a day,
She has to work and what's the pay.
When she is through, but she never is,
For the very next day its the same old biz
Of going the rounds I've mentioned above,
And all she gets is a lot of bum love.

POCKET BILLIARD

Did you ever, for past time, play billiard or pool,
A science with many fine tricks.
The balls are set up with a triangle rule,
In a game, that they call sixty-six.
The corner pockets are numbered one, two , three, and four
With ten on each side at the center,
By shooting the balls in these pockets, you score,
Put your name on the board when you enter.

The object, when playing, is to make sixty-six,
Your opponent, is after the same.
Of course if he beats you, that's one of the tricks,
That makes you put life in the game.
Here's how it is played, with your cue-ball you break,
The balls that are now in the batch.
And if you are lucky, you get all you make
But you lose, if the cue-ball will scratch.

I am not a professional, I play just for fun,
At times I have played good and bad.
I've seen many players, have a sixty-five run,
Make a scratch, and lose all they had.
Some day when you're idle, and puzzling your brain,
Stead of whistleing and whittleing of sticks,
Just hunt up a partner, and beat him to fame
Lots of fun in the game of sixty-six.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A FIRE?

What is home without a fire, with its cold, chilly rooms? You sit down at the table with knives, forks and spoons. You try to cut the butter with your knife a slippen off, to the music of the children when they have to sneeze and cough. Then you talk about the gas, and the weather prophet men, and you tell your wife and children how much you think of them. You try to eat your breakfast, but the buckwheat cakes are cold. "Tis then that you and wifey have to have a little scold. She says, "you know I told you when you bought the darned old house, there were no firep'aces and it wouldn't warm a mouse, but you said, we'd never need 'em, we'll always have the gas." Oh, for good old summer, when the sun is on the grass, when the birds are sweetly singing in the leaves up in the trees, and the air is full of pleasure, butterflies and honey bees. Dear old summer time of you I never tire, but here we are in winter—What is home without a fire?

Summer is gone, winter is here
I now go to bed, without my beer.

The birds will migrate farther south, we'll miss their songs each day. The bugs and fleas and bumble bees will all be on their way. We'll have to wear long overcoats that come down to our knees, for if we don't we'll catch a cold and then we'll cough and sneeze. Just think how short the summer was 'twas hardly here at all. It seems to me that prophet man has got an awful gall, for now he says prepare yourself, we're goin' to have some winter. Git your coal and wood all in, and I ain't got a splinter. But I'll tell you what I have laid in, I always lay something by, a barrel of good crab cider if the darn state does go dry. I can sit around my fire at night and smoke my pipe of clay, chew mail pouch or honest scrap, then go and hit the hay.

ADVICE TO THE OLD FOLKS.

We are never older than we feel, an adage that you hear;
I'm living beyond the three-score wheel, yet young, I do appear,
They ask me how I go the pace and hold my age so well.
There are some winners in the race; now listen while I tell:
Don't worry when you have an ache, nor grumble when in pain;
Old age is creeping in your wake, you cannot be young again;
Don't growl for things you have to wait, be jolly all the time;
Don't bother folks to hear you prate; it does no good to whine.

Get out and mingle with the young, with every pleasure court;
Go the limit, have your fun, take interest in their sport.
Enjoy the open all you can, don't sit around and mope,
Join in with all your heart and hand, otherwise you'll be a joke.
Young folks like the old folks' ruse in their efforts to be gay;
They have no use, nor any excuse, for him who has no play.
Go, to it Grandpa, whenever you can, shout with a feeling of joy;
Let them see that you are not an old man, but just a great big boy.

NEGLIGENCE

How often we neglect to do the things we left undone,
By putting off today's work until the tomorrows come,
We say there's plenty of time, cut out that speedy gait,
Tomorrow will be soon enough, no hurry, let them wait.
Did you ever write a letter while sitting in your room—
Something very important, and you'd like an answer soon,
Wondering what the matter was, you never got a reply,
And lost another engagement for the time had drifted by?
So many people only think of themselves and no one else,
Just so they are doing well, keep others on the shelf,

Of worry and dissappointment, no use in that, I say,
Don't wait until tomorrow, but answer them today.
You forgot to wind the clock, and now it's all run down;
Plenty of time to go to the train, after it gets in town;
Lots of time for the doctor, after you are sick in bed;
No use going at all now, the poor old fellow's dead.
Don't you think I'm right, that it never pays to shirk?
The things we ought to do today, we thik is too much work,
Other's time are precious, just the same as yours should be
So kindly think of others, and don't center all on "Me,"
You'll get along much better, if your ways you try to mend
Your word will be depended on, the world will be your friend,
You will have the satifaction of a knowledge good and true,
That you had a great companion, when you found yourself in "you."

A REVERIE OF HOME, SWEET HOME.

Well here I am in Texas, down among the sand and cactus,
Where the Negro and the Mexicans are as thick as dog fleas.
It's "Howdy, Boss," "No Saby," while you drink your tea or Java,
That is made in parts of Texas by the cunning Japanese.
But everywhere I go I see the signs of long ago,
When a certain business had an awful boom,
Which is now an awful bore, with the sign still on the door,
In every town I go, which reads "Saloon."

But we have the bootlegs that don't even wear a shoe,
And they try very hard to turn the trick;
It's a bum proposition for a healthy constitution;
The substitutes don't have a bit of kick.
But how well do I remember I left home last November;
I not only left my home, but something more;
In the darkness underground Jollification can be found;
With a lock on my home cellar door.

TAKE IT EASY..

Go thru this world slowly..Don't snap and grab at things ....Take your time, my brother....For time in its flight hath wings....If you only knew what you're missing....As you go hurrying along;....If you would only stop, look and listen ....For life is a glad, sweet song....If you'll only take it easy Don't wory and fret or stew....'Cause that always makes you nervous....In whatever you have to do....Work with some joy in your heart....Do the same when on pleasure bent....Go quietly about your business.... It pays an enormous percent....Have great respect for your Maker....Don't use a word that's profane....Ask Him for help when in trouble....Your asking will not be in vain....You will find that life is worth living....Now remember all that I say.... Try the advice I am giving....After reading these lines today.

January 7, was a slippery day out, the rain froze when it fell, folks had to be careful while walking about, or they would come down pell-mell. You paid all respects to only yourself, unless some one happened to fall. You attracted the attention of everyone else, for with a loud laugh you would call, "watch your foot, brother, watch your foot! Look where you step and step where you look, you've no time while walking for looking around." We are all equal size with two feet on the ground. Such is the life we are living today; we slip, we slide, we fall. Many temptations we meet on the way, we cannot escape them at all, unless we are ever on the alert, for traps that are hid in some nook, when our feet slip, they get in their work. So, watch your foot, brother, watch your foot.

LEAP YEAR

Now girls, here's a chance to get in your work,
In the Leap Year of nineteen twenty,
Some men are bashful, don't know how to flirt,
Not many, but still there's a plenty.
Go after them boldly, dress up to date,
Have a smile for each one you meet,
Show up your figure, they'll fall for the bait,
Be IT, when you're out on the street.

Learn how to cook, as well as to sew,
These go with a good education,
Men do not like to spend all their dough,
In the effort to keep up with fashion.
We all admire a tidy girl
A girl with good sense and reason,
Not one who is fickle in this social whirl
In wearing their furs out of season.

I've seen them in cities, while out on the street
They would wiggle and giggle most shocking.
High heels on your shoes don't make pretty feet,
They surely must pain you while walking.
Be reasonable girls, we like to see style,
Keep using your powder and paint,
Be just as you are, with a natural smile,
Don't let on to be, what you aint.

FRIENDS OF MY CHILDHOOD

Where are the friends of my childhood,
The ones that lived neighbors to me?
What fun we had in the wildwood,
Hunting berries or climbing a tree,
Chasing groundhogs, foxes or rabbits,
With dogs following close at their heel
How the old folks laughed at our habits,
But how good it made us boys feel.

To get up in the morn bright and early
When we had a light snow on the ground;
After breakfast we'd call our dog, Curley,
And find rabbit tracks all around,
Oh boy, we were then in high glee;
We'd follow those tracks to a hole.
I knew it was then up to me
To start prodding round with a pole.

"There he goes," cried Skinny Von Leetum,
He was the town tailor's son,
Got killed at the battle of Antietem
During the rebellion of six-one.
We could see cotton tail in the lead,
With Curley, our dog, a close second.
Gosh, how that rabbit could speed,
But Curley would get him we reckoned.

Hey, fellers, the school bell's a ringing',
With hearts light, happy and gay,
Away we'd go merrily singing,
The fun was all off, for that day.

A LECTURE TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

In each of us, there is born a something to carry us successfully thru life, first find what it is, then go to it, select your own vocation, see to it that you have natural adaptations for the one you select, no man or woman can succeed in any business with the heart and head elsewhere, there is a lack of concentration that causes many downfalls, concentration is a necessity in every successful life, seek knowledge pertaining to that of your calling, leave no stone unturned and you will succeed, do not try to ape others, use your own Ideas for that line, I do not mean to imagine that you know it all, for when a boy or girl gets in that miserable condition of the knowall, you will find they know very little, that is why you go to High School, to get the assistance of an Education, OH, my dear boy and girl, grasp the opportunities here offered you, how thankful you should be in having a Father or Mother or both, or some other relative doing their part for you, you will never know what sacrifices have been made in your behalf, that you may get what was denied them in their younger days, to combat with life problems, there is many a poor boy or girl struggling alone to reach the goal, I firmly believe their advancement is more rapid than yours who have some one to foot the bill, they put forth extra effort on account of their limited means, many of you depend on the lap of luxury you were lulled in, you do not seem to realize the wonderful opportunity that is now yours, it is up to you to get out of it what you can for the betterment of your future, when you do not study or try to learn anything, you are deceiving no one but yourself, pay strict attention to the advice given you, absorb it with concentration, nothing is gained without labor, how exhilerating it is when you have a Problem to solve, when you work it out yourself without the help of others, a feeling of pride comes over you, you feel that you have done something and you have, it acts as a stimulent for more rapid progress, depend more on self than others, for each of you have your own battles to fight all thru life, how often you hear the remark, OH, if I could live my life over again I would do different, I would devote all the time I had at school to study, I do not mean that you should not have your hours for play, it is a true saying, that all work and no play makes a dull boy or girl, when you play, put

your whole soul in it, just the same as when you study, show me boys at play, and I will tell you the ones who are the best at study, these are the days of your golden opportunities the foundation of your future, let it be a foundation of educational concrete, as you are the builder of it see to it that the material is nothing but the best, that it can be depended upon at all times, to withstand the temptations you will be called upon to encounter thru life, in laying your foundation, mix your mortar with an ingredient call Honesty, be honest first with yourself, in dealings with your brother man, let that be your cardinal principal, the magnetic influence of that one accomplishment will draw men to you more than anything else in life, for if you are strictly honest with yourself, you will not be false to any man. The next is Punctuality, when you make an appointment with anyone keep it, when you disappoint you not only lose your own time, but the other fellows, be on time, if a train is to leave at a certain time you be there, if it is late it will not be your fault, I know and you know of people who make light of these things called disappointments, many a man has made a complete failure by a disregard of punctuality, so break yourself of this habit while you are young, do unto others as you wish to be done by, another ingredient for your foundation is Cheerfulness under all circumstances, let it shine from your countenance, it is very contagious, it travels very fast I have seen great crowds of people made smile at the joviality of one person, Smile and the world is with you, be a grouch and you live alone, be a patient of Dr. Outofdoors, and leave all your troubles at home, Millions of dollars are spent in the large cities for amusements of different kind, we must be entertained in this life to make it worth living, whenever you smile you are assisting to entertain some one else, and how much happiness there is in your own life on account of it, be courteous to one another, be ever ready to help another out of difficulties, for you never know in this life of uncertainties, when you will need the assistance of some, A bird never flys so high but it must come down for something to eat, anything that is worth doing is worth doing well, how many there are who start a thing with never a finish, then wonder why they never succeed, they lack concentration of thought, they allow too much else to occupy the mind, you cannot do successfully two things at the same time, give

your whole and undivided attention to your work, whatever it may be, then when success comes you feel you have earned it and will appreciate it the more, how proud the boy or girl when they make their first dollar, how proud the man when he has saved his first thousand, right here let me say, that it is not always money that makes happiness, look around you in your own town, you know and so do I, people who are wealthy that do not enjoy one half the pleasure that you and I do. What then constitutes happiness, it is good health and a clear conscience, if you have strong bodily health you have wealth, how many have made of themselves a total wreck with nerves all unstrung, for the sake of piling up more of it, then they spend their wealth trying to get back their health, what a sacrifice they have made to get what they cannot enjoy, it is all right to lay by a portion for a rainy day, but some become money mad, so that they are blind to everything else, have a care for your health my boy all thru life, that will be your greatest asset for with health and a good education, you can give battle to all problems of this life, and with those attributes only can you expect to gain success, some men are called a success from a financial standpoint only, they say, what a success so and so has made in this life, in so short a time, but you go ask the man if he has made such wonderful progress, and if he is entirely satisfied with it, he will tell you NO, I have made a rank failure, because I have forgotten my health, in my mad rush for wealth, now I cannot enjoy what I lost driving for pleasure, he asked his coachman to stop for a minute while he feasted his eyes on a picture, that of a man eating his dinner and enjoying it, to him it was a beautiful sight, what do you think he was enjoying about a picture of that kind, it was the appetite of the man who was just a common laborer sitting on a pile of brick at the noon hour eating his dinner with his little daughter along side of him, the man in the cariage was A. T. Stewart, the wealthy New York merchant, worth eighty millions of dollars, without an appetite, all he could enjoy eating was a cracker and a glass of water, what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own health, I am proud that I now in my 65th year can boast of my good health, by that I am very rich, would I take twenty thousand dollars for my right arm and forever be without the pleasure of using it, NO, there is my left arm that is just as good, there are forty thousand dollars, there's a couple

of legs worth twenty thousand a-piece, that's eighty thousand, would I take twenty thousand for my eyes that allow me to enjoy the beautiful views of this wonderful life, NO, there is one hundred thousand dollars invested that draw a good interest, and the bank cashier cannot skip to Canada with it, anyone with an ounce of brains can make money, but saving it and your health at the same is the secret of success. A successful business is not usually the result of chance, neither is a failure the result of luck, most failures could be determined in advance, if the founders had been studied, never take stock in anything if you are looking for success until you investigate the foundation, who are the Captain and crew you wish to sail with, can they be trusted, are they men of Honor, are they reliable, what do they know, every man who achieves success deserves it. Business success depends on well concentrated efforts, you must use all the mental force you can muster, you are as good as anyone else, you each of you exercise your will power, it is wonderful what you can accomplish when you once make up your mind to do or be something in this ,world, do not depend on anyone else to help you, go to it, we must all fight our own battles in this life, who knows better than yourself what you need, and what you lack to get it, all the world loves a fighter, while the coward is despised by all, no two persons are exactly alike, each have a different problem, analyze your opportunities, and conditions, study your natural abilities, form plans for improvement, and put them into operation, is a quotation from the book on the power of concentration, by Theron Q. Dumont, a book that should be in the home of every student, a wonderful help to you in all your studies. sent from the publishing Co. of advanced thought 159 North State street, Chicago, Illinois, read only such books that are elevating, Man is a wonderful creature, but he must be trained to be useful, a great work can be accomplished by every man if he can be awakened to do his very best, but the greatest man would not do much if he lacked concentration and effort, all your real advancement must come from your individual effort, you may teach a person from now until doomsday, but that person wi l only know what he learns himself, you can lead him to the fountain, but you cannot make him drink, life furnishes the opportunities to improve but whether we do or do not, depends upon how near we live to what is expected of us, I know that

every man who is willing to pay the price can be a success, the price is not in money but in effort, the man that is the best able to accomplish anything, is the man with a broad mind, the man that has aquired knowledge, the secret of success is to try always to improve yourself, no matter where you are or what your position, learn all you can, do not get it into your head that there will be no room for you, the world today is sadly in need of intelligent men and women, make yourself fit and the world will have a place for you, it has always need for the survival of the fittest, in all walks of life never forget that your thoughts are making your environments your friends, and as your thoughts change these will also, good thoughts are constructive, evil thoughts are destructive, the desire to do right carries with it great power, thoughts produce action, therefore be careful of your thoughts, look within yourself and you will find the greatest machine ever made, it is within your power to gratify every wish, success is the result of the way you think, when everything looks gloomy and discouraging then is the time to show what you are made of by rejoicing that you can control your moods by making them as calm, serene and bright, as if prosperity were yours, make it a practice of reading only the purest books, those are the only kind that are elevating. You that are reading this talk today think over what I have been saying, ask yourself if I have told you the facts, then try and act them out, and you will never regret the attention you have given me, for I have been telling you truths as you know them to exist. Make good use of your time while at school, for it will never happen again that you will have this golden opportunity; it comes but one time in your entire life, and that time for you is now. Get this intelligence while it is within your grasp, exercise concentration of thought. When you attend a lecture of any kind give it your undivided attention, no matter if you enjoy it or not. Concentrate your mind on what is being said, it will be practice for the mind if for nothing else. Do not censure, remember you have faults of your own, and very few are perfect; we are all liable to make mistakes; that is why they put rubbers on leadpencils. Be generous to all, treat people the same as you would like to be treated; do not squander your money foolishly; there may come a time when you can make better use of it; not many of you know the real value of it. When you have to make your own

living and make your investments, you are then up against the real article. That is why you are here to fortify yourself for life's realty; take advantage of it while you have the opportunity, then you will have after-regrets. Take the advice of those who have traveled the road of experience, and are giving you the benefit of it. Be neat and tidy in your appearance, dress within your means, do not buy without the money anything in life;do not run in debt, for a debt is easily contracted, but a very difficult thing to settle, and it makes a host of enemies. Another great accomplishment is to be a good talker or speaker. I mean by that to learn to speak your words plain and distinct. Anything that is worth saying is worth saying well. Never speak in a hurry. I think there is nothing in this world so musical as a conversation well spoken. I hope you will understand my meaning when I say well spoken. You have heard some people talking that their voices get on your nerves, others you have heard that you love to hear, we we can all improve our speech, another great thing to study is deportment, no matter what society you are in, never forget who you are, never go into company that you would be ashamed to have your mother see you in, any other kind is not fit for you, be you boy or girl, seek the companionship of those your equal or superior in knowledge, from those you can always learn something to your advantage, let your object in life be make the world better on account of your having lived in it, cultivate a good disposition, be slow to anger, have respect for the feelings of others, if you cannot speak well of another, do not speak ill of him, did you ever know of a backbiter or a talebearer to amount to anything, throw a ball against a wall and it will return to you, if you know anything against your friend or enemy, keep it to yourself, otherwise you will get in bad, do not get discouraged over difficult problems, think of the blind and crippled people in the world how handicapped they are and what wonderful work they have accomplished by concentration and persistent effort, I once knew a man who traveled with a show on the road who would write beautiful, and draw fine pictures, he had no hands nor feet, he did it all with his mouth, by holding a pen in it, think of that for a handicap, I knew another person, a lady who could do some wonderful work with needles in embroidery and crochet work, she was born blind, I read once of two men who had built their own home, a two story frame house, with not one mis-

take, and they were both blind, you very seldom see a blind person but what they are happy, how wonderfully God has blessed them with another sense we know nothing of, and how thankful we should be blessed as we are with our opportunities, if you wish to receive a great help, read the life of Martin Eden, a story written by Jack London, in which he tells of his own struggles to get to the top with no education to begin with, Martin Eden's earley life had been spent at sea, Brawls and Bangs and slang just about constituted his whole training, he never knew that he lacked culture and education, until an accident threw him into the companionship of a college girl, a love affair spurred him to write, after tedious trials of wringing knowledge from books he contrasted himself with the college students he saw, they had been studying life from books, while he had been busy living life, his brain was just as full of knowledge as theirs but of a different kind, how many of them could tie a lanyard knot, or take a wheel or a lookout, his life spread out before him in a series of pictures of dangers and daring, of hardship and toil, he was that much to the good, later on they wou'd have to begin living life and going through the Mill as he had gone, very well, while they were busy with that, he could be learning the other side of life from books, you fool he said as he saw his image in the looking glass one morning, you wanted to write and you tried to write but you had nothing to write about, what did you have in you some childish notions. If you get discouraged sometimes turn to your Martin Eden, his patience will shame yours, he had pawned his overcoat, later his watch and still later his wheel, he lived a recluse, done without sleep, on the looking glass were lists of definitions and pronunciations, when shaving or dressing he would con these lists over, in a similar manner he collected lists of strong phrases, he sought always for the principle that lay behind and beneath, he wanted to know how the thing was done, after that he could do it for himself, he said he had grown so desperate that five hours sleep was extravagance, he was starved for sleep. When succcess came it overwelmed him, he received back with compound usery all the life that he had poured into his work, his publishers offered him a twenty per cent royalty on any of his books, on any subject he would write about, Burtons Magazine, offered him five hundred dollars each for five of his Essays, editors wrote to him telling him to

name his terms, Colemans Weekly sent him a lengthy telegram costing nearly three hundred dollars, offering him one thousand dollars an article for five articles and travel all over the United States, all expenses paid, and select whatever topic interested him, Martin sent his inability to accept and his regrets by wire collect, what was the result of this man's efforts, no doubt you read some of this great writer's works, and still he was a very young man when he died just a short while ago. The story of Martin Eden was the true life of the great writer Jack London. I had the honor of shaking the hand of another great man when I was but a boy five years old selling newspapers, the Wheeling Register in the city of Wheeling, W. Va., he was making speeches during his second campaign, for the Presidency of our great nation, after he had gotten thru his talk he said, I want all of you little Boys and girls to come here and shake hands with the president of the United States, and we thought it was a great honor and it was, to shake the hand of Abraham Lincoln, he was the man they called a rail splitter in the back woods, a poor ignorant boy, one day their came to him a desire to know something, and he started after knowledge, he found the hill awful steep and hard to climb, but he used persistency, and stick-to-it-veness, and by his strenous efforts he became President of these United States, his homely face and very bad shape of his body being no handicap, but for what he knew, sometimes you may think just because you live in a small town, the rest of the world would never find you, get yourself ready for the job and do not worry about the result, your education for it will not be overlooked, in the course of human events, you will be found, a well known writer has said, the sidewalks are swarming with people who are doing the wrong thing and do not know it, there is some task fitted to every man, of which he might make a glittering success, but unless he stumbles onto it accidentally or it is revealed to him in a dream he may never find it, the woods are full of misfits, perhaps you think your teacher is one, or you may think you are one, if so please take my advice, and get busy, shave down the rough edges, and shape yourself for where you belong, while you are yet young, there are Doctors who should be farmers, Dentists who should be Golf teachers, Poets that ought to be Tailors, human beings have a positive genius for picking out something

that bores them, and then be sorry in after life, cultivate your mind to your natural adaptations, I have heard men say I have no money to follow the calling for which I am best fitted, you do not have to have money to start you, make up your mind to follow that for which nature has intended you, and natural suggestions will be given you as a guide, Mother Nature will not let you fall, she looks after her own, nothing is born but what there is something with it to look after it, so give her the chance to do something by following her advice, concentrating your mind on your desires and work them out, give it a trial you will be wonderfully surprised. I was talking to a newspaper man some time ago, and he said he never realized the need of an education so much as when he had been offered a position that he knew he could not fill, on account of his defiency, then said he, I felt the sting of not having the requirements necessary for the job, my object in talking to you is to have you see the need of your whole attention on what is being taught you, absorb it, drink it in, learn to love it, then is when you will take more interest in your work, when you do not love a thing you will not learn much about it, your whole soul must be wrapped up in your work, if any of you become a salesman in any line, do not misrepresent anything, do not make any statement that you cannot back up with proof, do not expect people to jump at the chance to give you an order, do not be discouraged if people tell you they will not buy from an agent, for God in his infinite wisdom makes all kinds of people, energy without knowledge is fire without light, you cannot expect to interest other people in what you are not interested yourself. College days cover the most dangerous period of the young man's life, he is just coming into possession of his powers, and feels stronger than he ever feels afterward, and he thinks he knows more than he ever does know, at this period he becomes confused by different theories, but examine those theories and you will find they all assume something to begin with. In conclusion I will ask you my dear friend to please read this over and over again until you get the full meaning of its intention.

Be courageous, do not fall
With trifling be disgusted,
And you will have the where-with-all
When other men are busted.

INDEX

A

A Cowboy Moralizes....10
Advice to the Old Folks....62
An Evening....37
A Grave Story....12
A Prayer Hymn....15
Another Year....47
A Poker Hand....43
A Tombstone Epitaph for a Baker Friend....43
Auto Travel in the South....25
A Lecture to High School Students....57

B

Be Your Natural Self....24
Biographical....2
Busting Things....46

C

Charming Melodies....34
Cut Out Your Cutout....4

D

Don't Neglect the Old Folks....26

F

For a Carpenter, Very Sympathetic....27
Friends of My Childhood....56

G

Goodbye, Horse, In Motor Age....20

I

Immortaity....7

J

January 13,1922, My Birthday....41

L

Leap Year....55

M

Man, Poor Man....49

N

Negligence....52

O

O-H-I-O....40
Ool, Oil, Oil....48

P

Pocket Billiard....50
Property Pride....31

R

Reverie of Home, Sweet Home....53

S

Since the ays of Sixty-one to Five....28
Smile....8
Spring Is Here....35
St. Valentine Day....42

T

Take It Easy....54
The Baker's Birthday....38
The Doctor's Dream....3
The uFture of this Life....36
The Know It All....32
The Man Who Knows It....30
The Narrow Gauge....5
The Woodsfield Directory....17
That Car....45

W

Wash Day....14
W. E. Wims....1
What Can You Buy With a "Thank You, Mam."....33
What is Home Without a Fire....57
What's the Use, Eh?....44
When You Lose Your Temper Don't Get Mad....23
Winter....11

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